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(3-6-25)
Chapter 1

The soft sound of weak mews filled the ears of the few queens around. Gaining the gentle caress of a mother's tongue as two young tom kits suckled against their mother. Curling against her and the other as much as possible. The air holding the bitter cold of leaf bear with every breeze.

Froststar curled around her kits, her tail laying gently over them as she soothed them. Hoping to give them a last few moments of warmth despite being cold herself. Their body's shivering almost violently as they mewed.

"It's ok my kits...May Starclan forever be kind." She purred, "wherever you may find yourself."

The goose tunnel shook and Froststars blue eyes were met with ElmSun, her eyes hard but filled with a sympathy only a mother would have.

"Froststar? It's time." ElmSun purred softly as she nudged her friend.

Froststar let out a soft sorrowful meow, her gaze softening into agony.

"They will be taken care of. You have Duskstars word." ElmSun reinsured, "in a clan where illness doesn't linger in the air and they have a chance."

"I know, i know..." Froststar nods, nuzzling her kits for the last time, "I just wish we could raise them here. In their home among the caverns of the clan ancestors."

ElmSun nodded in understanding as she gently lifted the two kits by

the scuff, "they will be raised good, even if not with us."

Sliding out of the nursery, ElmSun was met with two warriors and they followed her out of Camp. Slipping up from the cavern entrance and onto the steep cliffs till they were on the path towards the high rock. The gathering spot between their four clans every full moon.
Cavern, Meadow, hollow, and the Lagoon clan has been here in the land for generations by the guidance of Star clan and their ancestors.

The moon was high as they approach the great river that ran through part of their land. The water high and raging without mercy.
So With careful steps, ElmSun hoped onto the closest rock, the water splashing just beneath her paws.

With a call among a fluff, she turned back, "be careful! The rocks are slick!"

The two other warriors hesitated, sharing a glance before following. Each making careful steps. ElmSun landed safely onto the shore, turning back as she gently placed one of the kits down. Her tail wrapped lightly around the kit as they mewed.
But, as the last Shecat warrior pushed off of the stone, her back paws slid. Forcing her to just barely miss the edge. The she cat let out a muffled yawl as her back legs dumped into icey cold water. His claws digging into mud as he held the kit above water.

"Silverpelt!" The other warrior called, turning swiftly to try and pull them both out of the water. ElmSun jumped in as well, but the water was too harsh and the two cats lost their grip. Almost falling in themselves. As their clanmate got swept up.

"Fox dung!"ElmSun bolted down the bank, her eyes scanning the water for silverpelt and the kit, but as she had to stop by a cliff, they lost them.

"Did you find them ElmSun?!" The other called as the carried the other kit. Who was crying as reaching like they knew.

ElmSuns ears flattened, letting out a hiss, "no...pray starclan they are ok...come on. We must still save the other."

A few miles away, among a small lake. A gray shecat lay on the shore, breath shallow as she stayed curled around the crying kit. Pelt slick with water as she shivered.

The kit wiggled, crying out as he nuzzled against her. Seeking the familiar scent of his mother. For her milk as his stomach growled, but all silverpelt could do was gently lick his head. Trying to offer comfort.

"All is ok, little one...May star clan lead you." She purred weakly.

Silverpelt flinched back as it suddenly grew bright. Her ears flattening as the familiar smell of twolegs made her fur stand. She gave a weak growl and tried to pull the kitten closer, but through blurry eyes, the twoleg moved closer. Reaching and pulling the kit from her. Silverpelt meowed, trying to push herself up, but her legs were weak and she could feel hear heart tremble.

Soon, rough and warm hands carried them to a large loud monster. A Warmth and unfamiliar scents surrounding them. silverpelt eyed the twoleg that held the kit. Still giving weak mews as she tried to reach for them. Put another kept her firmly in a pink cloth. Speaking soothing gibberish, but nothing soothes the shecat.

Back in the clans, another kit settles with his new mother. Giving a small hungry cry before the queen gently nuzzled him closer. Latching on almost instantly as he feed.

The queen watched with soft eyes, her gaze relieved as she looked up at her leader.

"DuskStar? Wasn't there 2?" She mewed softly.

Duskstars gaze hardens, his head tilting down, "there was an accident and ElmSun couldn't save the other kit and Silverpelt in time."

The Queen gave a small nod and curled around the kit more. The kits pure white coat one of a kind among her own kits. With

thought, she asked the name.

"What was the name Froststar picked?"

"Breezekit." DuskStar answered with, "his brother would have been Bluekit."

"May Starclan take him with kind. Breezekit it shall stay." the queen spoke against Breezekits head, "welcome to meadow clan, young one. May Star clan make you strong."

DuskStar soon slipped from the nursery, his steps gracefully against the soft and wet grass from a late leaf bear shower. Moving across the camp and up the small slope that lead to a small clearing. Star hollow, where the silver pelted sky was clear as the rushing rivers around the Caverns clans territory.

Duskstars gaze met a slightly smaller light brown tabby with a hint of red as he looked up at the silver pelted sky. Another almost black tom sat by, his chest and paws the only white among his pelt as his ears flickered over as DuskStar padded over.

With a simple nod, the three lay in silence till one spoke.
"Star clan is quiet tonight." The light brown tabby spoke, his eyes narrowing before closing.

"It's been moons, and meadowclan can't survive and prosper without many kits." DuskStar sighed, his tail flicking with annoyance, "carven clan is dealing with illness, hollowclan is dealing with rogues, lagoon clan is loosing pray, and we without our kits. What's next?"

"Only star clan knows," the black tabby spoke, "and may they take mercy."